AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY.

BY JAMES V. HACKETT.

WRITTEN FOR THE FUNDAT REPUBLIC Bully Van Cortland was unlucky in his to some day." own opinion. You or I might not have con-(Meres him so, for Billy was young and older man. "But you see your mother has od locking, and had an allowance which picked out-er-got her eye on a wife for male fellows in his set envious. And then | you." the Van Cortland pere had many millions "Indeed?" Billy did not seem as surprised when he closed his earthly accounts.

bimsels unlikely. Once upon a time he had years before that his mother could do nothnot thought so, but this was years before. It ling to surprise him. "I suppose," he venwas when SPOy's father was not a multi- | tured after a few seconds, that I may be pullisonaire, but just an ordinary perkpacker | allowed to know who she is before the out to Chingo. Then Billy was allowed to marriage ceremony, I mean."

play with the dirty faced hoys on the South "Now, Billy," Van Cortland pers walked upon taking a plunge into the social swim, and f am that time that Billy saw himself grayed in velver knickerbookers he had | considered himself unlucky.

that he was sitting on the veranda of the this myself, but ma made me do it." in conversation with a pretty girl with pink complexon and golden heir. And it was at the very moment when he was saying the awastest of nothings to her that he was interrupted by the appearance of the hotel messenger. This individual held in his hand a telegram which Billy, vexed at the interference, crumpled within his fingers. But it was too late—the spell had been broken—till you see her, will you?" There was and the young man tore open the yellow

listed at Newport, where his parents were stopping, the message told him to come to them at once. There was no explanation, It was signed by his father and Billy felt sure that no one was ill. Yet the one contence was in the form of a command and the son felt that he must obey it. And as he went to his room to prepare for the fourney he thought egain that he must we been born under an unlucky star.

but that there was anything like an affair between him and the girl with the pink cheeks not at all. But he was enjoying himself and it must be admitted it is not pleasant to have ones vacation interrupted to this fashion. Yet Billy had had so many of his plans upset by similar messages in the past that he only sighed and said things under his breath. He took the stage to the station later in the afternoon, and the Montreat express was soon whirling him away toward Boston and Newport beyond.

On the afternoon of the following day Billy and his father went into the library of the Van Cortland mansion-familiarly known in Newport as a cottage with solemn faces. Billy remarked that it reminded him of the way his father took him into the woodshed in the good old days out in South Chicago. For a moment a smile flickered as he glanced over his shoulder toward the know, but a good catch." room where he had just left his wife. Fillly

"Sit down, Billy," said Van Cortland senior. This made Billy feel better, for in dressed him, per orders, as William.

Ittly took a seat on the willow bench and lighted his cigar. His father sat silent for ried." Billy stood up and scowled. "I am

"Billy, you ought to get married." Van Certland junter said nothing and

"Your mother wants you to get married."

"Tex? Well-that is, I suppose I will have

"Yes, I suppose you will," mused the

which were sure to come to his only son as might be expected. Nor did he show signs of anger, as the old man had feared. Tat, 7s has been said, Billy considered In fact Billy had come to the conclusion

Side and do about as he pleased. But the over to his son and put his hand on his porkpacker had made money and moved to shoulder, "don't show your temper. Your New York, his ambitious wife had insisted | mother is set on this. It will mean a great deal to her-in a social way, you understand- and really the girl is quite pretty and quite a belle; been abroad and all that. You won't say no? Come now, Billy, don't sny so yet, anyway, just for my sake." It was a dozen years after the day that The father looked over toward the door to Billy was first clad in a Fauntieroy suit see if anyone was listening. "I don't like

Billy laughed. The idea of his father, a man who had wrestled with the bulls and bears and come out on top; a man who had cowed a hundred rallway strikers and taken a train through the yards almost singlehanded, being ruled by his wife was funny. But he could see nothing humorous in a mother making a match for her son for the sole purpose of advancing herself socially.

something almost pathetic in the old gentleman's appeal. "I promise, dad, but I--

"That's enough," interrupted Van Certland pers and they shook hands on it.

About a week after that and before he had met the girl his mother had selected for his wife-and whom Billy was sure he would never marry-he dropped into the Casino one afternoon with an old classmate from college who was down from the city for a fortnight. They found a chady corner where they could watch the passersby, and over two long glasses, with straws and other things in them, they discussed those whom they knew and those who were strangers.

Hilly was not up in society, but Corwin was, and he explained the fails, frolice and fortunes of these who passed on the promenade or drove by in their smart turnouts. Even men will gossip at Newport Down the road came a tanden, od pole

cart, the reins held by a woman . a mannish topecat. The outfit was a beauty, and the woman knew how to handle .. highsteppers. Billy asked who she was. "That's Miss Garland," answered Corwin.

"What!" exclaimed Billy. "No, that can't be she. Why, that's the girl-" "I guess I ought to know." replied Cor-win. "She's one of the richest girls down

here this season. Not so very preity, you "Fretty! I should say not. Fit bet she's Billy knew he meant nothing he said for a statement on the Moteria, which left had done the const from Flushing to Booth

the presence of Mrs. Van Cortland-who win. Of course, with you, it's different called him Wille-his father invariably a4- You have the coin, and when you marry you can marry for love." "Love be hanged! I'll never get mar-

y the latter. Indeed, it was tempestuous

should go abroad for a year, and he promised that in the meantime he would not marry without his mother's consent. Sho value for a familiar face. Many places that he would agree to make were of course, vacant, the Majestic below where the futthere was another silence. Then the father had with his father and mother, principal. Miss Garland his wife, well outside of Fanly Hock and taking ter of symething at his feet. It was some-

as much of a corner on the home as his

Treity: I should say not. It be saw that his mother still had as much of a corner on the home as his

Treity: I should say not. It be saw that his mother still had as much of a corner on the home as his chin that will meet in ten years more."

With his mother at the following day, and thirty-feoter, minded the metion the remembered that he had thever asked her name. He glared at his image savage-"Well, one might excuse that if he had her money," said Corwin, "Now, I would be but but treaties, but Billy was obdurate, He told execut of the pulling tag. There had been having grown tired of whist and the con-

"Do you know," she said,

your name?"

"that I don't even know

jump at the chance to make her Mrs. Cor- them that he had seen Miss Garland, and no one for Billy to bid forewell, and while versation in the smoking room, went on then that he had seen Miss Garland, and that he would not many her under any circumstances; he said he did not think a sacrifice, even for his parents.

When it was all over he had won the When it was all over he had won the substitute of the signed something about heing unlucky the fleety clouds. The water gleamed like in the fleety clouds and the did not think a deak her cloud and the did not think a deak for a stroll. Away in the west, where the purple skies were edged with golden the purple s with a suddenness that startled his son he walked away.

the swells in a manner that kept many thing white, and when he picked it up he tors and the sound of the engines. The elder Van Cortland tried to rave, but were drawn up Billy wired to New York | passengers in their staterooms. Billy, who found it to be soft and silky, apparently

away some one was sitting to a sleamer chair, and the natural conclusion was that "France and in leve with a girl and she the article belonged to this person. Inly will can have me?" healtsted, then went forward.

PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES NOT A BAD GAME.

"I beg your pardum," he said, faltering, "The said little, "I comb"

to move when it blew away, and I made that has much in for a year," he said has up my mind to let if go if you didn't resemble ! !!! it. I had an idea you would see it and | The in the one cleared bring it back."

"You must have had more confidence in me than most people have."
"Oh, I did have confidence in you. You

see-you mustn't mind it-I have been watching you."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Billy. "Yes. Will you alt down?" She motioned to a chair beside her, but he hesitated. "Oh, you know introductions are not necessary on the high seas, and, besties, if we don't get along well, why we will not have to speak to each other when we meet

again. "But supposing we do get on well, what

then?" "Then we can introduce ourselves." Billy sat down, and it was not until they heard eight bells struck that he realized how long he had been there. He armse quickly and was about to say good night. when she stopped him.

"Eight bells. What time is that?" she asked. "Midnight," said Billy.

"Dear me," said she, "and we have been here all this time. I had no idea it was so late. Say, don't you think that is a good recommendation for one of un?"

"Why, to think that we stayed here for four solid hours and first talked, and neither knew how fast the time went." "I think," said Billy, "that if it's not flattering myself, it's a good recommenda-

"I think so, too," said he. "Good-night." "Good-night," unswered Dilly,

And, nithough he walked the deck for half an hour afterwards, thinking, he ould not think of any other girl with whom he had ever spent so pleasant an evening-the girl with the pink complexion and golden hair not excepted.

Although Billy saw naught of his friend of the previous night next day, she was in the same place that evening. It is hardly said Nor would it he right to pry into their affairs, considering the ultimate outcome, and repeat what they said. It seems sufficient to say that on the night of the sixth day out Billy stood in his stateroom and most despatring look upon his face. It was shook his flat at himself in the glass. "You are a blamed foot, Billy Van Cort- gan to land. You ought to have known better "I don't than to make a fool promise to your mother, as you did. You might have known, if you had any sense at all, that, just as oon as you made it, you would meet some

her name. He glared at his image savage-

"Do you know that I am the unlucklest own.

something of woman's wear. Twenty feet , follow in the world?" he asked, at last.

"Have you select her?" she asked quietly

"but this belongs to you, doesn't har and a great hard her hand on his as in "Yes; thank you ever so much," said a conset the even of the chair, but as he cheery value, and fully looked down turn what the site lifted it valuely.

a pair of pretty eyes and a face even press with, The not married, but well-I have tier. If it could be "I was too comfortable invites a summer not to marry or speak to

not standing for see may be to be to

of for me to throw away as-

a mary. She has money, but I

Ol is lietween sobs. ma descript for me, you-" Ha

mand of the man of bord, for the mand of the his wife. What Billy all the premise to had not be worth to well the It may not have been Pilly was surdained by the notes which

t hi has that a var eas already and tak-no three has got. Do may bearly dressed when three was a baneful at the slope of his

ren a such , "do you know - she that i don't even know your line is, except that it Billy." and I don't know your that it's Milly " and I don't know you that it's Millard." He pulled

sea than the purchashols and hand-sea Selected others fell to the floor, a list over to pick them up. When I has been se aw an approclacking women, with crimson cheeks glaring what is till he managed to stam-

"Here, don't make a scene in this place," recessary to say that Hilly was there also. | said infly; and, although she seemingly

it it is a joke you have a mistaken

dear, tell me what it is." said the pleading in his voice. She looked energy. She saw a fellow with a I don't see anything to laugh at." Billy

succeed, searching her reficule. An in-stant later size draw out a card and gave it to him. Hilly lesied at it biankly. He did

"Yes " he said, after about a minute "se

Dilly stopped for breath, changed his clothing, and went on deck, where she was waiting.

After a time they were silent. Nearly every one elve had gone below and there was no sound save the rushing of the wa-JAMES V. HACKETT.

"THE RIVER WAR" BY

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

The Story of the Reconquest of the Soudan.

turies oid. It has its vicisalitudes; but it is the most persistent political phenomenon now visible to mainkind. It is the forward movement of the men born to speak the English tongue. So considered, the con-quest and government of the Souden by an Englishman is of vivid interest to to any English-speaking man with a spark of imagtization. But quite exart from its place in the history of our race, the episode which began with the rise and revolt of the Mahdi went through the death of Hicks Burnaby, Sir Herbert St. wart, and Gordon, and culminated in the battle of Omdurman. is about the most picturesque matter that

Mr. Prout's pro-English sympathics are evident. He helicaves in the "manifest des-tiny" of the English-speaking race as a

leading race of the world.

Mr. Churchill's book scheme tells of the rise of the Mahol, the fall of Khurteum and the death of Gerion, and of the shocking rule of the Khalifa, Another chapter tells of the patient and skillful work which went on for a down pours in preparation for the reconquest. The body of the book describes the actual war, which began in 1895, with

the capture of Dougola, and ended in 1898 with the battle of Omdurman.

As Mr. Prout puts it, "the story of the rise and rule of the Mahill is more wonderful the more one knows about it. A humble priest, poor and without even famlly influence, allowly gathered around him the turbulent chiefs and tribesmen of an empire, until his armies numbered scores of thousands, and he became an absolute des-pot. He ruled his princes and his people down to the minutest arrairs of their household. The Khalifa, who followed, was as absolute, less intelligent and more cruel. He even exterminated tribes of his fellowcountrymen, and razed their villages. Then came famine and disease, and it would not be surprising to learn that the popu-

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Ledy Randolph Churchill of England, who is now in South Africa, has recently published a book on the conquest of the Soudan. (Longmans, Green and Company). It is called "The River War. An Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan." Writing of the work in the New York Times, Henry G. Prout, sometime Colonel in the Egyptian Army, and an Englishman, of course, says:

"The River War was not merely the overwhelming of certain picturesque barbarians in the Middle Nile Vailey, it was a logical whelming of certain picturesque harbarians soldier. He has a powerful and enduring in the Middle Nile Valley, it was a logical body, he is frugal to the last decree, he In the Middle Nile Valley, it was a logical and an important incident in the progressive attary of our race. The British occupation and control of Egypt, the Angie-Egyptian reconquest of the Soudan, the stand against a French station at Fashoda, the insistence that the British aphere of influence must find the Bahr El Ghazal, the British compation of Uganca, and of all of the old Egyptian provinces of the Equator, the dashing capture of Bradesia, the slow desired many has been seen along the track again. dashing capture of Rhodesia, the slow de-velopment of the South African colonies into English states, and, finally, the war with the Boers—all these are part of one great movement. This movement is cen-turies oid. It has its vicinstitudes; but it is

to treat them, but they are excitable in action and dissolute in camp. Such was the material of the new Egyptian Army. Such was the material which the Sirdars, Wood, Grenfell and finding Kitchener, had to make into a force that should stand before and at last anni-hilate those fearless spearmen who had swept from the face of the earth the army of Hicks Pasha, who had beserved Khar-toum for ten months and finally carried it by storm, and who had more than once put in seadly peril the steadlest soldiers in the world, the British infantry. That the Ströars succeeded in making a reliable fighting force out of these reliablic and nefighting force out of these feliabin and ne-groes the battles of Atbara and Omderman testify. No one can say that these battles would have been won without the help of the British troops, but it is almost certain that the Egyptian Army alone would have won the fight at the Atbara. The outcome of the battle of Omderman, had it been fought without the British troops, is more doubt-ful. MacDonabi and his Soudaness brigoils on the right covered themselves with close. on the right covered themselves with glory, on the right covered themselves with glory, but the excitable negroes came very near finding themselves, with ammunition ex-pended, in the face of a brave enemy, crip-pled, but still advancing. The arrival on their flanks of certain British regiments was timely, to say the least. Had the right

tle army was prepared through ten years tle army was prepared through ten years (indeed, through fourteen years), for the advance on Dongola which began in 1886, it was a fine deed of skill, of sustained patience, and of economy. The men were drilled and disciplined and taught to shoot and scout, and occasionally they had a charge to try their newes.

been broken, the Sirdar would probably have wen the battle still, but the loss of life would have been great. We cannot stop now to tell of the pa-tiont and skillful work by which that lit-

a chance to try their nerves in a burder

The came ranner and cleaner, and it would be supprishing to learn that the population of Exytian Soulan is today less than half as great as it was in 1572, when the first term as Governor General chard indeed, within a few weeks, 1802, the protection of the stress of the protection of the stress of the stress of the stress of the protection of the stress of the st

galleries with which every Oriental State is mined, and it suggests the unrelenting vigilance and fortitude which the British Gev-lar or Abou Hamed, when the time should large and added to the sickness,

of the Province of Dongola and open the way for a forward movement east to Berland and added to the sickness,

are those who count this as the greatest way for a forward movement and the sickness,

of the Province of Dongola and open the way for a forward movement east to Berland and added to the sickness,

are those who count this as the greatest way for a forward movement in the Southern and added to the sickness,

are those who count this as the greatest way for a forward movement in the Southern and added to the sickness,

are those who count this as the greatest way for a forward movement of the British Gev
leaving the Nile far to the right. This

